Winke each at other, holde the ſweete ieaſt vp.
This ſport well carried, ſhall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee ſuch an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete, doe not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell no more, then ſhe intreat.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weake praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I ſweare by that which I will looſe for thee;
To prooue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
Dem. Quick come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiop*.
Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake looſe: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from mee, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medicine: o hated potion hence.
Her. Doe you not ieaſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth: and ſo doe you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ.